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Pdf diary of a wimpy kid wrecking ball

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Wrecking Ball, the 14th book in the Diary of a Wimpy Kid series by Jeff Kinney, offers an unexpected inheritance that allows Greg Heffley's family to make significant changes to their house. However, home improvement proves to be more challenging than anticipated, with issues ranging from rotten wood to unwelcome critters and something even more sinister arising. may be reproduced without permission from the publisher. Amulet Books are available at discounts for bulk orders and promotions. Custom editions can be created upon request. Contact or ABRAMS at 195 Broadway, New York, NY 10007 for details. I've read that ancient civilizations buried kings and pharaohs with their possessions, thinking they could take them into the afterlife. If I'm buried with all my junk, I might regret it later. Mom wants me to do some spring cleaning to get rid of things I don't need. But as I started going through my closet, I realized how much stuff I've got. I spent the morning digging through my closet and found a treasure trove of memories. It was like reliving my childhood, with items from different times periods revealing themselves. At first, I just threw everything into my closet, but then I started finding things I'd forgotten about - old homework assignments, comic books, and even a model rocket from my tenth birthday. As I dug deeper, I discovered something I thought I'd lost years ago: a binder full of stickers I collected in the third grade. I was obsessed with scratch-and-sniff stickers, collecting all sorts of smells, from bubble gum to rotten meat loaf. One day, I'll write my autobiography and include scratch-and-sniff stickers to mark significant moments. I kept digging and found items from kindergarten, like a fish I made by tracing my hand on paper. I used to love arts and crafts, and if anyone ever tried to bully me about it, they'd get a face full of glitter. Another project I found was a gift I made for my mom in preschool but never gave her - a paper flower with my face in the middle, glued to a popsicle stick. And that's where my cleaning spree ended, as I got lost in the nostalgia of my childhood. Mom asked me to clean out my closet, so I tripped on the front step and never gave her a clay pot filled with dirt as planned. Later, I was thrilled to reach the back of my closet but felt slightly let down, remembering stories about kids discovering hidden worlds through their closets. As I emptied my room, I worried that whoever lived beyond mine wouldn't appreciate me tossing junk in there for years. Mom suggested categorizing everything into keep, donate, and throw away piles, but I decided to turn it into a yard sale instead. She gave me a magazine full of tips, but the ideas felt outdated and corny. I created my own eye-catching sign and posted it around the neighborhood. However, Mom made me create more traditional signs, which I then stapled to telephone poles. Next, I set up tables for various categories like clothes, books, and gifts. I put together a table of unopened presents from grandparents and older relatives, another with still-good birthday cards after covering my name with white-out, and one with broken toys for young kids who can't read. I also created tables for random items, money-burning purchases, and handmade arts-and-crafts projects. When Mom saw the yard sale, she seemed proud but advised me to keep the things I made myself since they're special. I made the mistake of selling my stuff for only $3 to Mom. She really wanted that paper flower from preschool, so I told her it was all hers for just $10. But she ended up not buying anything after all. While waiting for customers, I got anxious because my things were out in the open and vulnerable to theft. Luckily, Rowley Jefferson showed up as my "Theft Prevention Manager," which made him feel important with a badge. However, he was more focused on his childhood gifts than doing his job, and we had to argue about selling some items that were actually mine. As customers started arriving, I put on a professional face and tried to sell my stuff. One lady showed interest in a collector's coin but complained about its dent. I made up a story about it stopping a bullet in World War II, which didn't seem to convince her. Rowley was more interested in playing with the Magnet Fun set than helping me. I had no cash on hand to pay Rowley, so when he announced he was leaving, I offered him a choice: pick an item from any table as payment. He seemed excited but surprisingly chose the Rare Items table instead of the Fun Toys table. Despite my warnings, he picked up a broken umbrella and became fixated on bats, making it difficult for him to work. Meanwhile, another person attempted to steal an action figure from the Collectibles table, but I intervened before they could do so. Later, a man approached me claiming some discarded items near the curb were available for free, thinking it was trash day. However, my situation became more complicated when it started raining and people began leaving. I quickly priced down everything and boxed up items to offer deeper discounts. But by then, most of my stuff was ruined. Despite this, I offered Mom a paper flower for three dollars, hoping to make one sale. In hindsight, the fact that nothing sold may have been beneficial if I ever become famous – some items could be worth much more in the future. I've been thinking about how to make my childhood home into one of those places schools visit on field trips. If that happens, they'll probably want all the authentic stuff I owned growing up. There's always a story in the news about a kid saving someone from choking or something like that. Those kinds of opportunities don't come around often, and I've tried to put myself in the right place for that sort of thing. But I got tired of waiting, so I decided to create a situation where I would be guaranteed to be a hero. I thought if I saved someone from a dog attack, they'd make a statue of me and put it in the town park. Rowley wasn't sure about my idea at first, but when he found out he'd be part of the statue, too, he changed his mind. We went around looking for dogs so I could stuff Rowley's pockets with bacon to make him nervous. We did attract some dogs, but not the kind I was looking for. Rowley ate the uncooked bacon and got sick, which saved his life after all. Maybe that makes me a hero, but I don't know if it's the right kind of thing. If I do something really big, they'll make my birthday into a national holiday. Everyone will get the day off from school and work, and people will thank me for it. But whenever there's a national holiday, I never think about who it's named after. I just hope that on my holiday, people will reflect on my life. The rain has been making everything grow really fast in our garden, which is not good for me since it's my job to weed it. My mom knows I'm bad at it because I keep ripping up the wrong stuff by mistake. I don't think there's a difference between weeds and plants. Maybe in some places they think asparagus is a weed, but right now I'm trying to figure out what that even means. some kid about my age is bustin' a move, gettin' the job done, pullin' it up at 36. i'm thinkin', why's grass not considered a weed? it looks like one to me! but people like my old man, they're always out there tryin' to make their lawn look perfect so they can impress their neighbors. when i get my own place, you can bet your bottom dollar i'm gonna PAVE the whole yard. that way, i can chill on weekends instead of slavin' away with a mower and fertilizer. 37 my dad spends a ton of cash on that stuff, and i don't think it's good for ya! just ask my neighbor fregley; he's always out in his yard after they spray. lawn chemicals might mess with your genes, so if i end up with an extra eye or somethin', i'm blamin' my parents! 38 when i'm on my own, everything's gonna be different - not just the lawn. i used to think i wanted a big mansion with a fancy gate, but then i realized if i was famous, everyone'd know where i lived. so now i wanna build a small house that doesn't draw attention. all the good stuff'll be hidden underground. 39 i've got ideas for each level - even just finished designin' the fifth floor last week! it's probably my favorite part. but i'm a little worried about livin' under, 'cause my bro rodrick lives in our basement and that can't be healthy, right? so i'll have lots of screens lookin' like windows to make it feel like i'm on the surface. my house is gonna be big, so i'll need moving sidewalks everywhere! 42 and get this - my bathtub's gonna be made of glass, sittin' inside a giant aquarium so i can feel like i'm swimmin' in the ocean!